

Dawn in the City

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Summary: [Hiccup x Astrid] Just a story about the life of Astrid, a woman who is living in an apartment in a bustling city. I'm not entirely sure where I'm going with it but I hope you enjoy it nonetheless! Peace out.

1. Day 1, Part 1

Hey guys! I did have one chapter of this story uploaded before, but I left it so long without updating I've just decided to do a little re-edit and re-upload it! I hope you enjoy it! I'm not the best at writing so if you have any tips or anything you would like to see changed, then please don't hesitate to comment! :) If there are any mistakes please let me know! You're all awesome.

* * *

<p>Day 1, part 1**

Astrid was lying on her bed, looking up at the slightly cracked ceiling, the crumpled bed sheets moulding around her. Holding a cigarette loosely between her fingers, she let the smoke gracefully drift out of the apartment window and into the bustling city.

>It wasn't especially hot that morning. It wasn't even what you would call warm. But Astrid was lying there in just her underwear and a thin, baggy, black shirt with the window wide open. It was 6AM and she still hadn't slept that night. It wasn't because of the fact that she couldn't, but rather because of the fact that she didn't really want to. She often pondered over the reasons of why sleeping was better than being awake, although for some reason, she could never really think of any.
While sighing at the thoughts she blew smoke out of her mouth slowly, and once again began breathing back in the smoky bedroom air.

>The radio was faintly still on in the kitchen, the sound of a new song beginning as the time struck exactly 6AM. She didn't especially like the songs that played, but she didn't really have a favourite genre anyway. Overall, her apartment was rather bland but that was

the way she liked it. While she did have a few interests, she never really had anything that she was highly motivated to do. There were no pictures or posters, only an acoustic guitar that hung from the wall beside the sofa. Apart from the smoke and the many cracks in the ceiling, the apartment looked pretty decent and hygienic. While she didn't clean the place often she tried her best to keep the place tidy.
While still studying the ceiling she moved the cigarette closer to her mouth, but suddenly came to a halt at the sound of footsteps outside of her door. Not being surprised, she turned her head to the sound of the doorbell ringing.

>Her apartment wasn't very big. Well, actually it was tiny. There were potentially 2 rooms; the living room, kitchen and bedroom all being merged into an open space. The single bed was placed straight opposite the front door against the back wall, with a small sofa and wooden coffee table to the right. When lying upon the bed the kitchen was in clear sight, with the door to the bathroom at the very end. It was an interesting layout to say the least, but in Astrid's opinion it was a good sacrifice to make for a cheap apartment with a satisfying view.
She waited for the doorbell to ring a second time before she coughed a noise that didn't sound healthy in the slightest. "It's open you know!" she exclaimed loudly, her head turning back to stare at the ceiling as she waited. The door swung open, and without looking Astrid immediately knew who it was.

>"Good thing I'm not a murderer."
The exaggerated deep voice was one from a man, clearly a close friend.

>Astrid laughed at the words, "in this city, everybody's a murderer."
The man at the door didn't even look twice at Astrid's current condition. Of course he took a peek at her legs which were now hanging over the side of the bed but then again, who wouldn't?

>"You can search me if you want. I own no weapons, I promise."
"Who says you need a weapon to kill someone?"

>"This isn't exactly the conversation I walked up 10 flights of stairs for, Astrid."
"Well, I'm sorry, do you want a coffee to help soothe your feet? What about a shower too, you know, while you're here?"

>The man grinned, still leaning against the door frame. "That would be marvellous."
Astrid sighed.

>He never did understand sarcasm.<p>

Half an hour later the man sat on the sofa, a large towel draped around his shoulders and a steaming coffee in his hands. Astrid was still lying in the same position, her arms hanging loosely over her stomach as the cigarette was finally used up.

>"Why don't you shower in your own house?"
"You're not there."

>That was a quick and cheeky remark, just like the flirt he is, Astrid thought. She sat up, her vision slightly fuzzy from the lack of sleep and food. She took one look at the guy in front of her. She had known him for around 4 years now and within that time his appearance had changed dramatically. Now 20, the guy's hair had darkened more, now a dark chocolate-brown which suited his smart yet casual clothing. Normally, you would see him wearing black skinny jeans but recently he had also added a long grey coat that reached down past his knees. Astrid noticed that, for as long as she could remember, he often wore a long but strangely thin navy blue scarf which hung carelessly around his neck and shoulders. He suited the clothes well as he had also grown significantly in height over the years. When they first met she was much taller than the other,

however now it was the other way around, with Astrid coming up to his broad shoulders. He wasn't bad looking at all, he may even be handsome if you stuck a suit on him.
Placing her head in her hands, Astrid questioned him sternly, "you didn't make me a coffee did you?"

>The guy nearly choked in response, slamming the cup onto the table as he tried to clear his throat. "What? Of course I didn't."
Astrid fell back onto the bed and groaned with annoyance. It was one thing for someone to barge into your apartment and use your facilities, but it was another when they didn't even bother to make you a fucking coffee.

2. Day 1, Part 2

So, this is the second chapter. I don't really like this chapter but I felt like something like this was needed. I hope you can try and enjoy it! Chapter 3 is a lot more exciting and longer, I promise!

* * *

><p>Day 1, Part 2**

"I suppose you're wondering why I visited so early today?"

>"Not particularly."
It was 7AM and both of them had now moved out and had casually headed down the fire escape stairs which were located just outside the building. Astrid had, of course, pulled on some denim shorts before leaving and had also begun another cigarette, the smoke blending with the sudden dense fog as she held it lightly between her fingers. Both of them were leaning over the railing, arms propped up, looking out to the view which on a normal day would be breathtaking. To be honest, it probably still was breathtaking in this kind of fog.

>"So... you're not even interested?"
Astrid sighed deeply into the air, turning her head slightly and looking up to the person beside her. She raised an eyebrow, "what's up?"

>The man, without warning, suddenly extended his arm around Astrid's shoulders and pulled her tightly against him. Astrid dropped her cigarette in surprise, letting out a quick and angry sigh as it fell down into the city streets below.
The man raised his voice, "supposing it was your birthday soon-"

>Astrid butted in, still frustrated with the fact that her cigarette was now miles further away than she wanted it to be, "soon? It's tomorrow."
"Exactly," he exclaimed, moving his arm so he could place both his hands onto Astrid's shoulders and turn her around to face him forcefully, "party at my place, 10-o-clock, look pretty."

>"But-"
"No buts Sweetheart, it's better than spending all your precious moments in that crappy apartment all day."

>"It's not crappy! I like it just the way it is, thank you very much."
"Astrid, you'll be _20_. You honestly don't want to be cooped up in there for the rest of your life. Come on, it'll be fun!"

>"Look, I'm not so sure..." Astrid let that line trail off into nothing. Sadly, she knew deep down that he had a point. She was someone who liked her personal space and time alone, but then again, she didn't want to be like that all her life. She wanted to be more outgoing too, and this would be her chance.
Stubbornly though, she still tried to protest, "but I don't know anyone apart from you. I don't know if I would enjoy it."

>"Astrid, it's your birthday. I'll make sure people celebrate it and make friends with you. I promise. You'll be fine."
>Astrid looked away from him but nodded her head a little in agreement. It seems like she had no choice.<p>

Just as the door slammed shut, Astrid fell back onto her bed and stared up at the ceiling. The force of the door had caused the wall to shake as if there was a miniature earthquake. _That guy really doesn't know his own strength_, Astrid thought.

>After staring at the ceiling for what seemed like hours, she decided to give her eyes a bit more exercise and scan the objects in her apartment. Not that she had many to look at. She also didn't have many electronics to entertain herself with, you could say that she was on the road to being like a minimalist. She sighed again as she looked at her mobile, not too old but at the same time not a recent model either. She had had it for a couple of years now, and coincidentally, as soon as she stretched her arm out to pick it up, it started ringing. Astrid rubbed her eyes with her other hand, the lack of sleep starting to make an impact on her. Nearly dropping the phone, she grabbed it and pressed the button with a click. Without her even having to say hello first an old, wise man's voice started speaking.
"Hello? Hello? Astrid? It's me."

>"Oh, hi Dad," Astrid stood up and started pacing around the apartment. It wasn't unusual for him to call, but since it was a day before her birthday, she couldn't help but feel more hopeful.
After a couple of moments of silence he finally spoke up again, giving a quick cough to clear his throat which sounded even worse through the phone's slight crackling, "so, do you have a job yet?"

>Astrid stopped in her pacing, looking down to the floor, a feeling of distraught coming over her already, "err, no Dad, I still haven't found anything."
It wasn't that Astrid had a bad relationship with her father, of course she loved him. But he wasn't one for showing any kind of affection, or speaking and acting like he cares, especially since the incident 4 years ago. He called Astrid quite often, but it never turned into anything special.

>"Well then, I gather you need help with that rent thing again this month."
"Yeah, Dad, that would help a lot."

>Another awkward silence began and Astrid could clearly hear the sound of the TV murmuring in the background. She could hear her Dad get up from his armchair, and she could also hear the slow turning of pages. She almost thought she heard the sound of him thinking too.
"I also called because it's your birthday... today, right?"

>Astrid couldn't help but feel slightly excited, but that was only for a split second. She knew he had trouble remembering dates, but she couldn't help but feel upset that he didn't even have it written on the correct day in the calendar.
"It's actually..." Astrid didn't know why but she suddenly felt nervous. She just didn't see the point anymore. "yeah, Dad, it's today. Thank you for ringing."

>"Bless you Astrid, such a polite daughter." He stopped, as if he was taking the time to reminisce. "How old are you now? It seems like only yesterday when you were little."
"I'm 20."

>"Wow. Time sure does go fast, huh?" He laughed deeply, and Astrid couldn't help but notice that it sounded slightly sorrowful. She really didn't want to talk to him anymore.
"Yeah, Dad. It really does."

>She just wanted to hang up.
"I-I need to go. I have some things I need to attend to."

>"Okay dear," again Astrid couldn't help but notice the sadness in his voice. "I'll call you again soon. I love you."
Those 3 words. They were said at the end of each conversation, said with such a plain and subtle tone. It didn't even feel real.
>"I love you too, Dad."
And with those words said, Astrid hung up.

3. Day 2, Evening

****Day 2, Evening****

_I hate this fucking place. Why did I even allow for this to happen?

>Astrid was wandering around what seemed like a mansion, amongst the smoke, amongst the stoned and drunk people and amongst the deafening noise from the speakers. It was all too much. She knew she shouldn't of trusted him. She had been stumbling around the crowded house for ages, trying to find a place where she could actually breathe. The amount of people that had gathered together was ridiculous and even though some faces seemed familiar, she didn't remember any names exactly and also didn't have the courage to even try and converse with anyone.

>Astrid couldn't think of anything other to do than to try and get out. She didn't know whether to stretch above the crowd or do the opposite and try and act as small as possible. With the amount of people there, it just seemed like one giant maze.
Astrid decided to look above the crowd, standing on tip-toes only to see that more people were arriving from a certain direction. She tried her best to move forward, but that only ended with her getting shoved back into a bunch of dancing lunatics, forcing her back and into the direction of another room instead. She groaned loudly, her voice drowned out by the noise, "will this ongoing cycle ever-"

>Her words were cut off and suddenly a hand grabbed her arm, pulling her tightly back through the crowd. Everything was happening so fast that Astrid couldn't even begin to think of a way to escape. She couldn't see anything at all. Unable to process anything in her mind, she got dragged backwards and quickly up the stairs, her hip knocking into the banister on the way. Rapidly, she got shoved into a room. The noise of the door slam echoing loudly. Then there was nothing, but darkness.
"What, what the fuck do you think you're doing?! Who are-"

>Astrid got cut off yet again, only this time, by soft lips pressing onto hers. With the amount of fumes that she had breathed in over the night alone it had already affected her head. She couldn't think of the appropriate way to respond. So she just let it happen. The force from the other person was gentle, the lips tasting sweet as Astrid their felt hands grip the sides of her waist, causing her to jump a little in surprise. This caused them to suddenly pull apart. She could feel the person staring at her in the darkness now, and after a few moments of tension they finally spoke up with nervous laughter.
"Wow, you really haven't changed have you?"

>"Hi-Hiccup?!" Astrid recognised the voice immediately. It was the same dorky voice she had heard at least 4 years ago back in High School.
"Hello! Astrid.. err, yeah, it's me. I'm sorry," in the darkness they couldn't really see anything but Astrid could tell that he had gotten taller and stronger, although strangely the voice hadn't changed in the slightest. Upon hearing the voice Astrid had started to remember. It was the guy who had liked her during High

School, the one she accidentally kissed once. She remembered liking him a little, but it was a rough time for her and she had begun to isolate herself from people at that time. He had kindly understood, but now it seemed that he just hadn't given up.

>"How are *you* here?" Astrid didn't know why that was the first question she asked, but she did want to know the answer.

>"We came up the stairs-"
"No!" Astrid hit her forehead in the darkness. He definitely hadn't changed. "Why are you at this party?"

>"Oh! Well, I got invited didn't I? By that 'close friend' of yours... you know, the one who always wears that strange scarf."
"Snotlout?"

>"Yeah!" Hiccup changed his voice to a whisper, leaning in a little closer in the darkness, as if someone would be listening in on them, "what kind of a name is that anyway?"
Astrid punched him. She didn't know how she managed to but she got him right in the forearm, "says the one with the name of a diaphragm spasm!"

>Hiccup didn't seem bothered by the insult, stepping back to find the wall before leaning against it casually, laughing, "okay, you got me there. So, why are *you* *here*?"

>"What do you mean? Snotlout said that it could be my birthday celebration."
"Shit," hearing Hiccup swear was rare, but that was the only response he could think of.

>Astrid was even more puzzled, "you didn't know?!"
"No, of course not Astrid," he paused awkwardly, trying to think of the best way to explain, "look, the only reason I got invited here in the first place is because his parents and my parents are actually very close. I bet they forced him to invite me and then... of course, Snotlout can't seem to mention you to me. I'm not sure why, I'm not really tough competition, am I? He's more your type anyway, you know, big and strong." He then stopped for thought, "I saw you in the crowd just now and you know, I thought I would save you-"

>"By dragging me upstairs to a dark room and kissing me?"
The sound of Hiccup hitting his elbow on the wall echoed through the room. "Oh, yeah, err, right, sorry about that. I seem to do stuff without thinking-"

>"Have you drunk tonight?"
Hiccup was slightly surprised by the sudden question but he took a step forward, trying to be reassuring, trying to get as close to the other as possible, "no, you don't know what's been mixed together down there."

>"Have you taken any drugs?"
Astrid heard him make a quiet awkward laugh, "what is this? An interrogation? I'm not really a drug person, Astrid."

>"Then," Astrid paused, quietening her voice, "why did you kiss me?"
"Isn't it obvious?" Astrid swore that was what she heard him say. It was said so quietly it was hard to believe that he actually said anything at all.

>"I-I don't know." Astrid whispered back, her heartbeat beginning to quicken. In surprise, she stood back, coming into line with the window. It was only then that they both realised that it had begun raining, the tapping sound on the window suddenly becoming louder. As Hiccup stepped forward, a roar of thunder sounded, joining with the sound of the raindrops which were growing louder by the second. In a sudden flash of lightning, they could clearly see each other's outlines, although it was impossible to work out any of the details.
"Is that so?" Hiccup said, looking away from the window and unintentionally gaining confidence as he always seemed to do around Astrid. He stepped forward, however he somehow ended up tripping over his own feet. It seemed that his awkwardness level also rose while he around women too.

>He fell forward and his arms wrapped around Astrid, pulling her in closer in an attempt to somehow save himself. Astrid also stumbled slightly, and upon turning their heads their lips brushed together gently. Hiccup coughed, speaking in a quiet whisper, their breaths now mingling together in the warm air, "that nearly could've been an accidental kiss, you know, like-"
"Last time...?" Astrid finished off the sentence for him, her arms suddenly rising up to grab the back of his shirt. She was starting to have small flashbacks, remembering the times in High School, remembering how kind he was to her. Even though he was a dork, he was a loveable one. She had been going through a tough time yet; Hiccup had understood and gave her the space she needed. Astrid hadn't seen him since the day she had to drop out.

>While she was thinking she felt Hiccups lips brush softly against hers again, but frustratingly she knew he wouldn't make a complete move. She didn't know why, but now she wanted him to. Maybe it was because of the fumes.

>By her own force she eventually pushed her lips against his, causing a small moan as he immediately responded. Astrid felt him smile, his confidence building up as his hands ran along her back, pulling her in closer. It was strange, his hands were ice cold and she could feel them through her thin shirt, it was like he wasn't alive. She shivered, placing her hands around his neck, her fingers entwining with the long, messy parts of his hair. Hiccup, without thinking, forced them around, trying his best to find and get to the wall where he eventually pushed the other against, forcing the kiss to go even deeper. Astrid's heart was racing from the closeness, it was like she had no control over what was going on. She did remember liking him a little, yes, but this much? She wasn't sure.
But even so, she didn't want to stop.

>With their tongues meeting Astrid slid her hand down his shirt until it reached the top of his belt. She untucked his shirt a little before she let one of her fingers stroke the exposed skin.
She couldn't help it.

>She liked to tease.
Astrid moved her hand further down, so that her fingers were gripping the zipper on his jeans. She was just about to pull it down however a loud bang made them both stop in their tracks. They had pulled apart and were both gasping for air, unable to look anywhere else apart from where they thought the others eyes were. After a short while Hiccup leaned forward. They were so close that Astrid could just about see where his collarbone was. He pressed his ear against the wall, listening the best he could.

>"I think someone's out there." He suddenly whispered, and Astrid peered up to see the outline of his head. He was definitely staring at her now.
"Wasn't that thunder?"

>"Maybe. But I think someone's out there too."
"You think...?" Astrid whispered, standing up straighter to try and get more room to breathe.

>"We need to try and get out."
"And how do you suppose we do that?"

>Hiccup paused, the nervousness noticeable in his voice, "not easily, that's for sure."<p>

End
file.